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TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

Nurse McKinley: SWALLOW IT QUICK, SAMMY.

Sammy: NOT MUCH! THAT'S JUST WHAT MADE ME SO AWFUL SICK BEFORE.

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HIRES Rootbeer

Carbonated.

Corked-up health—ready for your uncorking. Sparkling, snappy, thirst-allaying HIRES Rootbeer, ready bottled. Nothing in it but roots, barks, berries, distilled water—and healthful enjoyment. Quenches your thirst, gives you an appetite. A draught of it retrests you—body and mind; makes you readier for work or play. A promoter of good health and good cheer. The most wholesome drink for bicyclists—anybody, at home, traveling, working, sleeping.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature Chas. E. Hires Co. are on each bottle. Package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold, as formerly, by all dealers.
THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO.,
Philadelphia.



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New York City.



HER PREFERENCE.

PATER (to twelve-year-old daughter):
Nina, when you get married I'll
have a bishop perform the ceremony.

"No, papa. I'd rather have a cheap
little clergyman, and plenty of ice-cream."

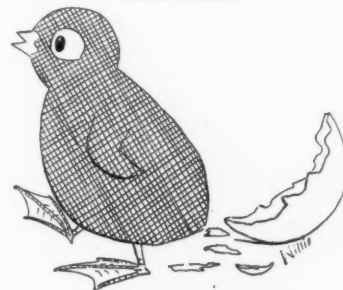
IF there is one impression which
is more prevalent than another,
it is that made by the bicycle sad-
dle. Sad to say, it is almost univer-
sally unfavorable. Look in the
advertising sections of the maga-
zines and see what a succession of
manufacturers and inventors offer
to bicycle riders experiments that
as yet they have not tried, in place
of those they know. So long as hope
continues to rally in the human breast
and faith has power to rise above ex-
perience, a bicycle saddle unlike any in
use must always be a lucrative invention.

The truth is that the saddles are not
so much amiss, but that when man was
designed it was not anticipated that he
would ever aspire to sit down and walk
at the same time, and he was not so put
together as to make the simultaneous per-
formance of these conflicting purposes
more than imperfectly convenient.
Practice makes perfect, however, and
constant use makes wonderfully tough.

CYNNICUS: It's a good thing the
new tariff bill doesn't levy a
tax on immigrants.

FINNICUS: Why so?

"The expenditures for our city
police service are quite high enough
as it is."



A CROSS-HATCHED CHICKEN.



CONJUGAL REPARTEE.

"JACK, DEAR, IT ISN'T A BIT NICE OF YOU TO LET SUCH SMALL TROUBLES WORRY
YOU SO SOON AFTER OUR MARRIAGE."

"THEY DO SEEM INSIGNIFICANT WHEN I THINK OF THAT."

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SING a song of Congressmen, pockets full of bills,
More Protection is the thing to stop the country's ills;
Surplus or a deficit the cure's the same you see,
Isn't that an easy way to bring prosperity?

DING, dong, dell,
Arbitration's knell,
Tolled by Morgan and his crew
Just to make the lion blue.
What short-sighted men are they
Who this beast would try to slay,
Which never did them any wrong
But furnished speeches right along.

MR. BLACK, Mr. Black, where have you been?
I've been to the city to see the machine.

Mr. Black, Mr. Black, what did it say?
Go back and do nothing, 'tis Platt's busy day.

LEXOW and Co. sat in a row
Probing for trusts in state,
Each wept for their land and the farmers said "grand!"
But the taxpayers paid the freight.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE arbitration treaty failed by a few votes of getting the requisite two-thirds majority in the Senate. Its friends are disappointed, but it had been so much amended as to represent rather a sentiment in favor of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, than an efficient practical means of bringing such a settlement about. It is a great pity that it did not go through, but let us not take its defeat too hard. A large majority of the Senate favored it, and there is basis in that for the belief that a large majority of the people of this country would have

been glad to have it confirmed. That such a treaty should have been negotiated, and should have been acceptable to the English government and to the executive branch of the American government, is very significant, and means almost as much as if the treaty had actually become operative.



THE Greater New York is assured now, and though the government which has been designed for it has still to be put in operation, the plan has been accepted, and a few more months will tell how it works. Any citizen resident at this end of New York State, who can find pleasure in the thought or the announcement that he is one of three million New Yorkers, is at liberty now to be conscious to himself of that flattering truth, and to impress it upon the minds of persons who live in smaller places. Whether we shall

be any happier or better off in any way from the change remains to be seen, and will depend pretty largely on what sort of a Mayor we can elect. New York's local elections have always been important enough, but the next one—the first under the new charter—will be of surpassing consequence, and we may expect to see it contested with unprecedented vigor.



are zealous and energetic. The bird that excites most sympathy is the heron, whose plumes, so much favored by milliners, only grow in the breeding season, so that the killing of a mother bird involves the death of the nestlings. This is inhumane, and also exceedingly wasteful. The Audubon Societies hope to help the birds by persuading women not to wear feathers, and especially herons' plumes, in their hats. Something may be done in this way, but it is to be feared that, with the average dame, a hat in the hand or on the head is a much more influential consideration than a bird in the bush. The newspapers tell us that in Venezuela, where herons abound and are valued for their labors in killing bugs, the government has taken measures to prevent the extermination of them by prohibiting their slaughter for their plumage, and directing that collectors shall wait for them to shed their feathers. If the Florida herons could be protected by a similar law it might save them. LIFE respectfully suggests that the Audubon Societies approach the Florida legislators on the subject, and try not only to have a proper law passed, but to provide for its enforcement.



Wetmores, the Posts and the Fearings were simultaneously in mourning.

This is a brilliant attempt at accuracy, but how about the rest of the Four Hundred who are not included in this short list? What have the Vanderbilts, the Burdens, the Bradley-Martins and many others done, that supposititious bereavements in their families should not be considered in measuring an imaginary condition of social gloom?

LIFE'S valued contemporary, the *Herald*, conveys an exact idea of the condition in which Parisian society was left by the recent fire by stating that—

Paris to-day is as New York would be if the Astors, the Belmonts, the Livingstons, the Kanes, the Potters, the Riveses, the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the Lorillards, the Fishes, the Newbolds, the Bronsons, the Winthrops, the Schermerhorns, the



FOR ECONOMICAL REASONS.

"NOW THAT GADKINS AND HIS WIFE HAVE SEPARATED, HE GIVES HER ALL HIS INCOME."

"WHY DID THEY SEPARATE?"

"HE WANTED TO CUT DOWN HIS EXPENSES."

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

THOUSANDS of poor children are now loose in the city streets, and be assured not one of them is at all backward in accepting our invitation to take a two weeks' outing at LIFE'S Farm.

It remains with you, gentle reader of this, to help us in taking many of them out of their torrid environment during a part of the summer months to come.

Remember that every three dollars sends a child to LIFE'S Farm for two weeks.

NOT NECESSARY NOW.

BOBBIE BUNTING: I guess that fellow must be engaged to sister at last.

WILLIE SLIMSON. Why?

"He has suddenly stopped giving me money."

ALWAYS USED UP. A sky-rocket.

BOOKISHNESS

THE APPETITE FOR BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

A CURIOUS contrast in the appetite of Englishmen and Americans for books of travel, of the bulky and expensive kind, is shown by the relative sales of Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India" and Nansen's "Farthest North." Of Lord Roberts's book, published at thirty-two shillings, fifteen editions were sold in England between June 2d and March 8th of this year, and of Nansen's book the sale in England is already over sixty thousand. Both of these remarkably entertaining narratives have sold very well in the United States, but they have reached nothing like the English figures.

There is, of course, an obvious reason for the greater demand in England for

Lord Roberts's reminiscences, but America is just as much interested in Arctic exploration as England. Publishers will tell you that this has long been the rule as to books of travel, and will explain it by saying that the English are the greatest travelers on the face of the earth, and have colonies in every corner of it, so that they naturally write and read great quantities of the books that tell of travel and adventure.

The high price of such volumes is also a determining factor, and there are more private and public libraries in England than America that must have such books.

The demand has been steadily growing, however, in this country, with the expanding interest of Americans in the whole world and the growth of general culture. There is no healthier form of book, or one that is more apt to be of permanent value to a man of affairs, than the narrative of observation and travel. It is seldom real literature, and is not a



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

BE FREE AND EASY, AND TRY TO MAKE ALL THE REST FEEL SO.

SCIENCE FOR BABES.

CONSERVATIVE parents are ungrateful. They cannot be persuaded that knowledge is the one thing needful in a knowing world. Worn-out heresies anent gentle thoughts and gentle deeds still linger in the mother's narrow mind, and fill her with fretful doubts as to the result of those object lessons in physiology which have become so exceedingly popular in our schools. It is doubtless well that children should learn intelligently all that it behooves them to know about the organism of living creatures, but there is still a prejudice against sacrificing the living creature too ruthlessly in this pursuit of information. The zealous teacher in a public school who said, "Give me a cat and a jack-knife, and I will teach my class more physiology in an hour than they can learn from books in a month," awoke in the parental mind sentiments closely bordering on disgust. Granted that the cat was to be chloroformed before the lesson began—a point which is by no means so clear as it might be, in view of certain horrid rumors concerning the practice of vivisection in the schools—even then the sentiment savors of brutality. A cat and a jack-knife do not commend themselves pleasantly as affording a healthy spectacle for children's eyes, and there is always a painful possibility that other lessons,



OLD PALS.

means of æsthetic improvement, but as a reservoir of information, agreeably arranged and apt to be remembered, it is about as good food for man or boy as grows on the publisher's tree.

* * *

AN admiring reader of Nansen's book recently made a few pertinent criticisms of the author's attitude toward his men. There is no question that he was an admirable disciplinarian, and a born leader; moreover, he held the affection and admiration of his men.

"But," asks my friend, "why doesn't he give his men more of a show in the narrative? He generalizes about their good-fellowship and good qualities and pluck, but if there is a bear to be shot everything waits till Nansen gets there. The culmination of every crisis is the mental state, the subjective emotions, of Nansen. How much is said of the personality of Johansen in the long narrative of the sledge journey? You are told that he was plucky and faithful, and snored atrociously, but you are not allowed to get at his steadfast personality a bit."

Nansen, no doubt, has the faults of

his qualities. You can't be self-centred, a dreamer of big dreams and a poet, and at the same time have a very broad comprehension of other people's ideals and good qualities. The man with a big plan to execute is apt to see only the qualities in other men that will best fall into the execution of his own purpose—and they necessarily look small in detail as compared with the whole plan.

Droch.

MR. LEHMANN, the British coach of the Harvard crew, made an address last week in the Sanders Theatre in Cambridge on "The University as a Field of Training for Public Speakers." Mr. Lehmann was President of the Cambridge (England) Union in his day, and knows whereof he speaks. What a novel—and admirable—idea this is, that a college man who knows boating should know something else too, and know it well enough to discourse about it in public to the edification of a large audience!



THERE was once an old salt from Dundee,
Who had both legs shot off while at sea;
But he'd say, with a wink,
"One advantage I think
Is, my trousers can't bag at the knee."

not intended, may be taught by this advanced method of illustration.

Recently in Pennsylvania an unprogressive parent expressed her dissatisfaction in no measured terms. She found her little boy coming out of the barn with a kitten in his arms. On being asked what he intended to do with it, the child replied that his teacher had told him to bring a kitten to school. She was going to kill it and cut it up to show her class what its insides were like.

The mother was distressed and angry. She returned the kitten to its bereaved family in the barn, and she made herself obnoxious to the school authorities by protesting vigorously against this especial form of realism. She said she did not in the least care whether her little son knew or did not know what the kitten's insides were like, but that she cared a great deal to have him gentle and kind to animals. She had tried hard since he was a baby to teach him never to hurt any living creature. She had tried to make him love and protect all that were too feeble for resistance. Therefore to find him hunting up one of the hitherto petted kittens, and offering it as a sacrifice to science, troubled her heart. It seemed to her that he had been deliberately taught the awful lesson of cruelty, and she knew the imitative nature of a child, and how prone he is to repeat on his own account whatever he sees others do for him. Perhaps she recalled the ghastly story of the three children who, having witnessed the slaughter of a pig, copied the operation neatly and faithfully with their baby sister. Perhaps, in her disgust, she would have sympathized with the Maryland blacksmith's wife who wrote to the enthusiastic young teacher of the country school:

"Dear Miss M.:

"Please don't learn my Mary Ann any more about her insides. It's no use as I can see. Besides, it's rude."

Agnes Repplier.



A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

"POOR TOM! JUST AS HE RECOVERED HE WAS PARALYZED."

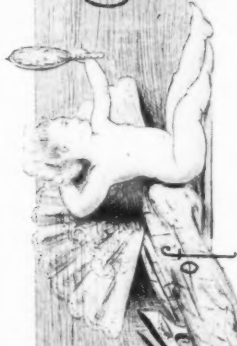
"WHAT PARALYZED HIM?"

"HIS DOCTOR'S BILL."

NOT everything, it seems, is better done in France. That dreadful fire in Paris was as inexcusable an accident as could have happened in the most hurried of new cities—Chicago, San Francisco, or Melbourne. There is just a little comfort to be gotten out of the accounts of it. Some of the well-born victims showed a noble heroism, and manners formed for polite use turned out to be stable enough to control behavior in the face of an awful

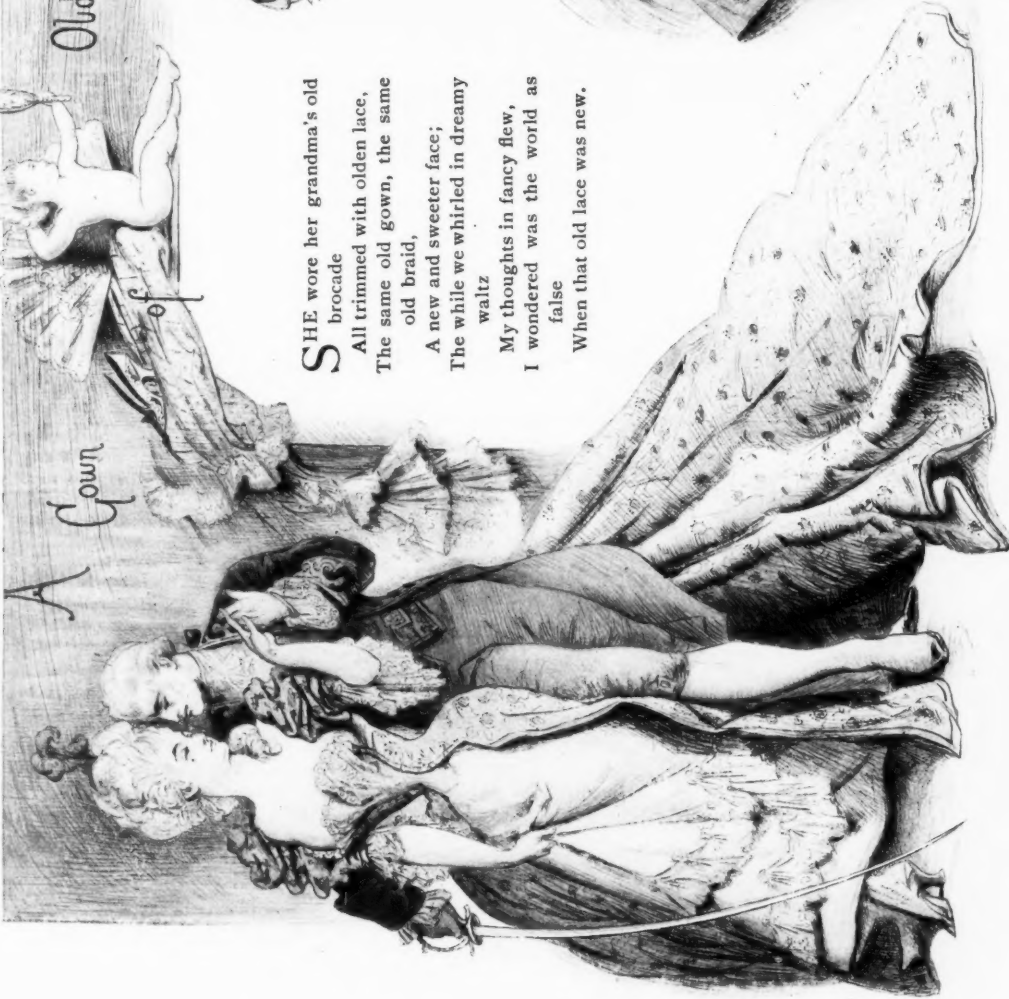
death. The Duchess of Alencon preferring that her guests should go first, and Baron de Mackau and M. Foularde turning back repeatedly into that furnace to bring women out, attest once more how the strongest instinct in human nature may be disciplined into submission to a nobler law. No less noteworthy was the gallantry of some plainer people, and especially of Desjardin, a plumber, who saved several lives at the imminent risk of his own.

Old Brocade



SHE wore her grandma's old
brocade
All trimmed with olden lace,
The same old gown, the same
old braid,
A new and sweeter face;
The while we whirled in dreamy
waltz
My thoughts in fancy flew,
I wondered was the world as
false
When that old lace was new.

A Gown



Did hearts as often sigh and break ?
Did sorrow walk the land ?
Did circumstance make men forsake
The future they had planned ?
Were ears by subtle flattery fed ?
Were friends, as now, untrue ?
Did maids for love, not wealth, then wed,
When that old lace was new ?

Or did an honest heart and hand
Above all else suffice
To merit praise, and virtue stand
Pre-eminent o'er vice ?
Was fashion's whirl as giddy then ?
Did hopes of fame imbue
The hearts and brains of worldly men,
When that old lace was new ?

The music ebbs and dies away,
Reflections lose their charm,
A face looks up in winning way,
A hand is on my arm.
Love reigns supreme to-day as then,
We learn by rote to woo,
The same old passion lives in men
As when that lace was new.

Roy Farrell Greene.



A HINT TO FATHERS
DON'T DESTROY A ROMANCE BY MEETING



TO FATHERS.
MEETING HIM MORE THAN HALF WAY.



A THING APART.

AN ELEVATING INFLUENCE.

THERE seems a disposition in some quarters to criticise the character of the plays now prevailing in most of our theatres. It is urged that the realistic plays are conspicuous for triviality and the problem plays for impropriety, and that it is almost impossible to find a theatre to which one can go without being subjected to a series of dreary inanities or a highly seasoned representation of subjects usually tabooed in polite society.

THE trouble with these critics is that they do not realize the progress of the age, and are judging the stage by the standards of a generation ago. In those days it was believed that the mission of the stage was to please and amuse, that ignorance on certain subjects was not an undesirable condition for the young, and that a play to be successful must, of necessity, show signs of either wit or genius. But we have changed all that. It is well understood to-day that wit and genius are entirely superfluous, that the mission of the stage is to teach strict morality, that this is best done by giving examples of lax conduct, that abstinence from vice does not imply virtue unless accompanied by an intimate knowledge of all forms of temptation, and that the stage offers the best means of disseminating this knowledge among the general public.

BUT the stage has an even higher mission than this. The problem of the age, according to Mr. Hardy, is the problem of the relation of the sexes, and according to the same excellent authority, civilization has hitherto failed completely to meet this difficulty. How can the problem be better solved than by turning the intelligence of our general public upon it? French novelists, realizing the importance of this achievement, tried to accomplish it by means of fiction, but linguistic difficulties limited the circle they could reach. Hence, English playwrights, recognizing the need of presenting the subject in a more democratic way, rushed into the field with such thoroughness that anyone who attends faithfully a course of modern dramas may be perfectly certain that there is no form of suggestion or innuendo or open wrongdoing connected with this problem with which he has not a close and intimate acquaintance.

IT is true that this devotion to a lofty cause is rather hard on that large portion of the public which prefers to take its pleasures unmixed with problems, and which has a general theory that one cannot handle pitch, even in the most theoretic and disinterested style, without finding that a little has adhered to one's fingers. However, as these persons

are hopelessly conservative and behind the age, theatrical managers cannot be expected to cater to their taste. They must submit to being elevated, in spite of themselves, until such time as it shall dawn upon the mass of our playgoers that there may have been some truth, after all, in the old view of the function of the stage, and that perhaps there may be better methods of solving even the problem of sex relations than by presenting it, with all the allurements of stage setting and realistic acting, to the consideration of young men and maidens, old men and boys, en masse.

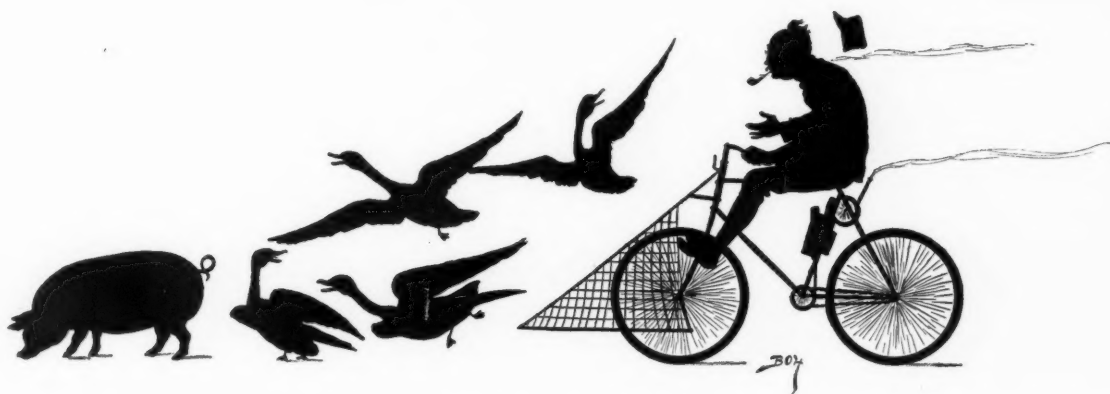
IT is evident that, in General Weyler's mind, the only good Cuban is a dead Cuban. The Cubans in the field may fight and live to fight again, but for those who have been "pacified," and live within stockades at the Captain-General's mercy, there seems to be nothing in store but starvation. There is news of starving peasants, too, in Spain, for whom there is no relief, because the Cuban war drains all the money out of the country. It is a blessing and a privilege to live in Christendom at the end of the nineteenth century, but it still makes a lot of difference where one lives.



GIVING IT TO HIM HOT AND HEAVY.



INVENTOR BROWN TRIES A CENTURY RUN WITH HIS NEW MOTOR CYCLE, BUT SOON



FINDS HE IS UNABLE TO CONTROL IT



AND CREATES CONFUSION. EVEN—



THE POLICE FORCE AT GREATER HANKSVILLE, PROUD IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF NEW UNIFORMS, PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIS WARNINGS,

A NEW CHAMPION.

IN the course of an article, apparently intended as a defense of the New Journalism, and written for one of its most conspicuous exponents, Rev. Thomas Dixon voices some opinions pleasingly illustrative of the enlightened freedom from ancient scruples which distinguishes some portion of our modern society. "All news that is news," he tells us, "is fit to print." Conservative people have thought that they had good authority for supposing that there were some things of which it was a shame even to think, not to speak of having them served up in elaborate detail, with illustrations and photographs and lurid comments. Evidently, however, St. Paul, never having had the advantage of a course of modern newspapers, cannot be expected to know the proper boundaries of the field of journalistic enterprise.

* * *

"A SENSIBLE man," Dr. Dixon further tells us, "will buy the newspaper which prints all the news." This is certainly the view of the two papers which have most conspicuously striven to outvie the *Police Gazette* and the penny dreadful, but it is rather a new thing to find it advocated by men of Dr. Dixon's stamp. His opinion may be of use to the numerous laymen who have held the untenable idea that this attitude is responsible for a large part of the trouble, believing that the majority of the people do not wish an elaborate resumé of all the crimes and scandals of all the country, and holding that if the sensible man who is also a reputable citizen would refuse to buy the paper which prints all the news, such papers would soon disappear, and we should have a journalism which concerned itself only with the news of real importance and interest to the general public.



WITH THE NATURAL RESULT THAT—

IT is true that Dr. Dixon indulges in some generalities regarding the desirability of a pure and lofty journalism, but it is a question whether defending newspapers of an exactly opposite type is the best way of securing an improvement. Pleasing as it is to find a minister rising superior to puritanic scruples concerning the character of the newspaper he will patronize and defend, there are still some who will hold that the reverend gentleman is mistaken, that respectable men do not care to have all the happenings of the day presented for their consideration, that sensible men will buy the paper which makes some show of decency and good taste, and that, on the whole, there are better occupations for the clergy than coming to the defense of papers of such striking enterprise in the pursuit of news that even public institutions hesitate to place them in the hands of their readers.

LIFE'S "PEGASUS" CONTEST.

PLEASE remember in the event of two or more lists of the ten best short poems being alike, and all of them nearest the combined popular judgment, that the prize will be awarded to the one whose list reaches this office first.

It will, therefore, be to your advantage to send in your list as early as possible.

NATURAL INDIGNATION.

CALLER: Are you sure Miss Riche is not in?

MAID: Do you doubt her word, sir?

HARD TO BEAR.

I STOPPED on the steps ere I rang the bell
And gave her brother a quarter,
A thing that is always just as well.
When one's courting the favorite daughter.
And as I listened I bowed my head,
And my heart sank down in the mire
At the words he spoke: "Say, my sister said
You were only a candy buyer."

It might have been anything else but this,
And I wouldn't have felt so badly;
But I must confess it's a drop from bliss
And the news affects me sadly.
I've bought her books, but it seems that they
Could not in her inspire
An answering thought—they've faded away,
And I'm only a candy buyer.

Think of the plays we've seen—ah, me!

Think of the many hours
I've spent in writing the lines that she
Has read when I've shipped her flowers.
But flowers and plays and poems convey
But sentiments that tire,
Beneath all this I'm the commonest clay,
And only a candy buyer.

Oh! the wittiest things I've said were those

I've said to this fair maiden,
And the clothes I wore were my very best clothes
As I talked with a heart love-laden.

That she loves me not isn't misery,
But it sets my heart on fire

To know through it all she's thought of me
As only a candy buyer.

Tom Masson.

THE TOOTHPICK HABIT.

OF all the dreadful minor habits of men, the toothpick habit is the worst. You see men, who have otherwise the appearance of human beings, walking along the street chewing a toothpick; or you may meet somebody in a

public conveyance—in a street car, for instance—with a toothpick in his mouth. And this is a habit that is not confined to persons of any particular age; its thoughtless slave may be a man of mature years, or perhaps a younger person. Sometimes one sees a policeman chewing a

toothpick, and this is particularly unpleasant, because the policeman is in some degree a representative of the city.

By whomsoever indulged in, the practice of chewing toothpicks is distressing to all right-minded persons. Oh, throw away the toothpick!



A GOOD TIME.

"BILL, YOU WUZZENT IN IT WHEN YOU DIDN'T GO TO DE PICNIC; DAT'S RIGHT! DERE WUZ PIE—AN' CAKE—AN' LIMONADE—AN' RED AN' YALLER ICE-CREAM, AN' I EAT SO MUCH DAT WHEN I GOT T'ROUGH I FELT AS DOUGH DERE WUZ A DUZZENT ANGELS A SITTIN' ON ME RIBS A FANNIN' ME STUMMICK TO SLEEP."



THE INVENTOR IS OFFERED AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLAIN.



THE THREE AGES OF MAN.

I.

He swore that for true love he'd marry;
In a cottage he'd much rather tarry,
With his love by his side,
Than take for his bride
A girl who had millions to carry.
He was twenty.

II.

Years passed; he was thirty and single;
In society's gay whirl he'd mingle.
He had loved half a score;
He was loving once more.
A lass? No. Her coins' golden jingle.
He was thirty.

III.

A bachelor still, the old sinner
Met a maiden and tried hard to win her,
Not because she was fair
Or had money to spare,
But—because she could order a dinner.
He was forty.

—What to Eat.

An amusing conversation was held through the telephone, some time ago, between a correspondent of the New York World and the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven. The reporter wanted a fifty-word interview on "Hell" for the Sunday edition of his paper. He wanted it bright and terse, and he got it. "Hell, in my opinion," said Dr. Smyth, "is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated."—Unidentified Exchange.

"MERCIFUL heavens, Major Skadgers, your daughter has just been carried off by an Indian!"

Thus spake Frederick Dressup, a young lieutenant in Major Skadgers's division of United States cavalry stationed at Fort Pill, I. T.

"Not Birdie?" exclaimed Major Skadgers, springing to his feet.

"Yes."

"Who was the Indian?"

"Speckled Lightning, chief of the Kiowas."

"Heaven help us, I fear there is no hope. Speckled Lightning, of all the chiefs! He was the most peaceable and friendly Indian in the reserve."

"We may be able to overtake them in time," said Lieutenant Dressup.

"We must," said the major. "If we do not it means a long and bloody war with the Kiowas. Call Pigeon-toed Pete, the scout, and have fifty men ready to start upon the trail in half an hour."

Thirty minutes later the band of determined cavalrymen, with Major Skadgers and Pigeon-toed Pete at their head, set out from the fort. Pigeon-toed Pete went aloft with the rapidity and certainty of a sleuthhound, closely scanning the trail of the Indian.

At sundown they came in sight of a white tepee from which rose a thin column of smoke.

"They are there," said Pigeon-toed Pete; "my work is done."

"Pray Heaven we are in time!" hoarsely muttered Lieutenant Dressup; "but, see, some one raises the tent flap."

Suddenly Major Skadgers cried, "We are too late!" and fell senseless from his horse.

Pigeon-toed Pete looked and saw Birdie Skadgers, a beautiful woman thirty-seven years of age, emerge from the Indian tepee.

"Too late!" said Pigeon-toed Pete. "I knew we would be. Nothing could have saved him."

In her hand Birdie Skadgers held the scalp of Speckled Lightning, chief of the Kiowas.

—Detroit Free Press.

A VERY ignorant but well-to-do citizen from the backwoods was elected coroner of a small county. A few days after his election he amazed the ordinary by asking that functionary to point out his duties for him. "Why," said the ordinary, "when a man drops dead, or is killed by an engine, or blown up with dynamite, you simply impanel a jury and sit on him, and then render a verdict." "That's just what I done two hours ago," said the coroner, "an' the citizens air kickin'!" "Kickin' about what?" "The man what I sot on." "Well?" "Well, you see, hit wuz this way. He drapped by the railroad thar, an' hollered out, 'Boys, I'm dead!'" "Well?" "I wuz standin' in three feet of him, an' as he hollered them words I jumped him." "Jumped him?" "I mean I sot on him—just like the coroners air required by law; as I weigh right smart, he kep' purty quiet after I landed!" "But he was dead before you reached him, wasn't he?" "That's whar the question comes in! Ain't but one thing erbout it that's shore and certain, an' that is—he wuz dead when I got up!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

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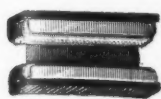
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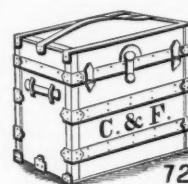
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How a Waltham Watch Set England's Time.

What would an Englishman say if the accuracy of the time given by the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which gives the standard time to the civilized world, was questioned by the owner of an American Watch? But it was done, and the American watch was right.

One day Mr. Thomas Wheate, of 26 Ormiston Road, Westcombe Park, London, S. E., noticed that the time-ball, which falls accurately at one o'clock P. M. each day, was, according to his Waltham Watch, a few seconds fast. He had such confidence in his watch that he did not believe it was at fault, and felt sure that some mistake had been made at the Observatory. On telling some of his friends of this conviction, he was laughed at for his impudence in daring to pit his Waltham Watch against the accuracy of the Royal Observatory. However, to set the matter at rest, he wrote to the Astronomer Royal, telling him of his conviction, and asking him if he would let him know whether he was right or wrong. In return he received the following reply:

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH, LONDON, S. E., 1894, March 10.

DEAR SIR:—

In answer to your letter of yesterday the Astronomer Royal requests me to inform you that on Thursday last the time-ball was, through an accident, dropped about eighteen seconds before one o'clock.

Yours truly,

H. P. HOLLIS.

T. WHEATE, Esq.

Mr. Wheate wrote to the Waltham Watch Co., telling them of his experience, and adding: "This seems to me such a remarkable proof of the reliability of your watches, that I feel justified in bringing it to your notice. If you would care to have the Astronomer Royal's letter as a memento, I should be pleased to hear from you to that effect."

BALLADE OF YE SPRINGTYME.

It was the merry springtime,
When paint and soap abound,
And ladders high
Outrage the eye
And cleanliness is crowned.

It was a nery merchant
Who yearned for home and food,
Who risked his neck,
'Midst front hall's wreck,
To find the wife he wooed.

It was the parlor mirror
Through which his right foot went;
His left did crack
Rare bric-à-brac;
His shrieks with curses blent.

Two tons of sharp-edged china
Crashed on his helpless head;
Fell to the floor,
With sullen roar,
The weighted folding-bed.

His hat went in the ash pan,
His clenched fist wrecked a pane,
A pail of suds,
With splashing thuds,
Soaked to his very brain.

"My dear, the grand piano,"
His wife called, overhead,
"Please move upstairs!"
With maniac glares,
'Twas here he fell down dead.

—Chicago Daily News.

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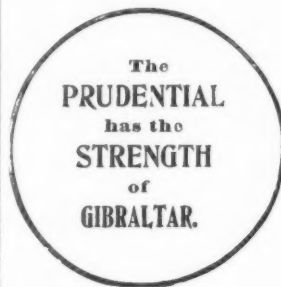
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LIGHTLOVE: At last, dear Sophia, we are alone and I can tell you that I lo—

SOPHIA: Oh, please, no, Mr. Lightlove, don't tell me here.

"Why not? There are no witnesses."

"That's just it!"—*Chips.*